

PY H673.17/45/6 H791 1967 c.2
Pennsylvania Historical and
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Hope Lodge

PENNSYLVANIA TRAIL OF HISTORY



HOPE LODGE

A Colonial Mansion in the
Finest Georgian Tradition

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*But Lo! what lofty structures yonder rise,
O'erlook the plain and tower to the skies
Yet why's there such a solitude profound
Why hangs a hov'ring melancholy round?*

Hope Lodge, a graceful remnant of eighteenth-century Georgian architecture, stands proudly and impressively in Whitemarsh, on the *Pennsylvania Trail of History*, an old house touched by history—and heartbreak.

The mists of time which envelop this house have obscured, but have not hidden, two dramatic episodes of its earliest years, one, a phase of the military history of the Revolution, and the other, a melancholy tale of disappointed love. Furthermore the house itself, through the idiom of beauty and style, can help to enlarge our understanding of life in the eighteenth century.

The builder of Hope Lodge, circa 1750, was, it is thought, Samuel Morris, a successful gristmill operator. Three blocks west is his mill, known in the area now as Mather's mill.

The designer of the house, who is unknown, spoke the architectural language of the enterprising and successful eighteenth-century merchant, businessman, and man of affairs. It is a forceful and confident style, derived from the classical revival and the humanism of the Renaissance.

Classical forms pervade the house. The symmetry associated with the Georgian design can be seen in the imposing brick exterior. It has magnificent interior features, variously molded wainscotings, large fireplaces with blue and white Dutch tiles, classical pilasters and pediments which frame and cap doorways, and a spacious central hallway bisected by a prominent arch.

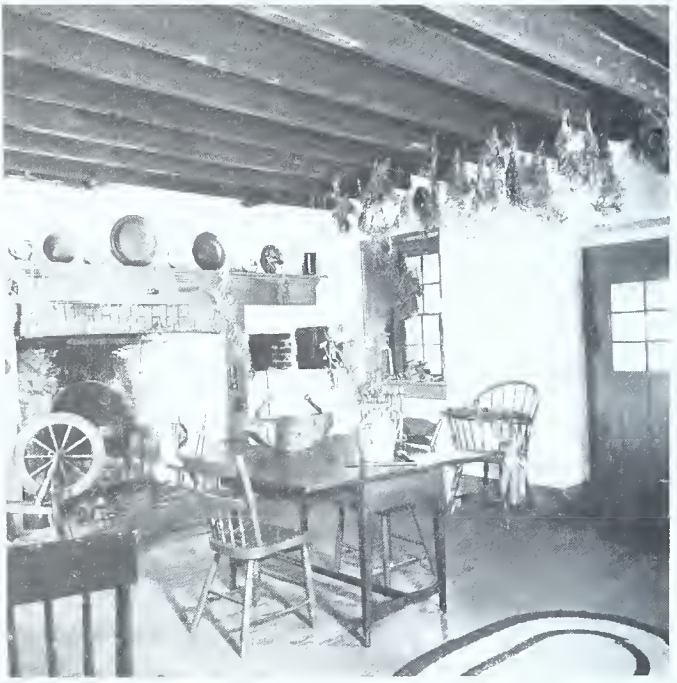
Very little is known about Samuel Morris. He was born on February 16, 1708—too late for him to have built the house in 1723 as dates on the house, lately inscribed, assert. He and his family were active Quakers. Susanna, his mother, lived her faith in a particularly remarkable way, traveling in its cause on horseback and by boat as far as New England, the Carolinas,



tured forth from Philadelphia to strike once again at the American force which had retreated from Germantown. The Americans had been forewarned and were too-well positioned, and after four days, Howe returned to Philadelphia.

James Horatio Watmough, owner from 1784 to 1812, named the house Hope Lodge for his cousin Henry Hope, American-born banker of Amsterdam. Hope, to whom Adam Smith dedicated his classic of economics, *The Wealth of Nations*, and from whose family the famous Hope Diamond took its name, bought the property in 1784 and gave it to Watmough as a wedding gift.

The house was saved from destruction in 1922 by Mr. and Mrs. William L. Degn, who restored and refurnished it. It was given to the people of Pennsylvania in 1957.



Such beauty only heightens the inner loneliness.
What satisfaction can this great estate give

While restless Woe usurps these happy Seats,
And disappointed Love each joy defeats?
These scenes but serve each torment to renew,
The hapless Owner sickens at the view,
In rooms of State his cruel lot bemoans,
And lofty chambers echo to his groans. . . .

Morris died here in 1770.

During the Revolution the house was for several weeks in the midst of military operations. William West, a Philadelphia businessman, purchased the house as a refuge from the British during the anticipated occupation of Philadelphia in the winter of 1777-78. Here came his nephew, William West, Jr., a paroled prisoner-of-war of the British, captured during Washington's disastrous defeat on Manhattan Island. Although he was a paroled prisoner, the evidence suggests that while here he worked as a spy in Washington's network of espionage.

Early in November, Washington moved his troops to strong positions on the hills that formed a half-moon around Hope Lodge: Militia Hill, Fort Hill, and Camp Hill, as they are now called. During December, General William Howe ven-



Virginia, and even to England. On Christmas Eve of 1728, she was shipwrecked off the coast of Ireland, but survived and later lived, we are told, with her son in this house.

One of the most interesting stories that has surrounded Hope Lodge with unusual charm and appeal involves Morris' disappointment in love. Little is known of the reasons for his lonely residence in this house or of the lady, of whom a traveling poet tells:

For her alone, these Lofty Structures rise,
And Art with Nature, to attract her, vies.



Visiting Hours

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME: 8:30 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. weekdays except Monday; 1:00 to 5:00 P.M. Sunday.

WINTER: 9:00 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. weekdays except Monday; 1:00 to 4:30 P.M. Sunday.

Hours subject to change.

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